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PROCEED...your race of glory run,  
Your virtuous toils endure:  
You come, commission'd from on high,  
And your reward is sure.

*The ladies of Paris having adopted the fashion  
of wearing their watches in their bosoms, has  
produced the following neat lines.*

AURAIT on choisi cette place  
Pour se garantir des filoux ?  
Mais elle accroitra leur audace,  
Et leur metier sera plus doux.  
Mes amis, moi mem., je tremble,  
Et ne repose, plus de ma main,  
Mettre tant de tresors ensemble,  
C'est nous provoquer au larcin.

#### EPITAPH.

*M. D. born June 3d...died Sep. 16, 1803.*

SHORT was thy day, sweet babe—but  
this will give  
A longer space of heav'nly life to live.  
Yet, with delight, you drew your balmy  
breath,  
And the first pain you seem'd to feel was—  
death.  
Nor death itself could violate thy face,  
It's pleas'd expression, and it's placid  
grace.  
I, now commit thee to a mother's breast,  
Where thou shalt sleep, and wake—to be  
more blest.  
New beams of meazing kindle in thine  
eyes,  
And a new world excite their glad sur-  
prise.  
Soon, by your side, shall rise a rustic  
tomb,  
And the turf heave to give a parent room.  
Enough to consecrate this humble bier,  
Thy infant innocence—his gushing tear.

#### In Memory

OF ADAIR CRAWFORD, M.D, F.R.S.  
a man of great virtue, and intellectual  
worth.  
He had a heart always devoted  
To the practice of moral duty;  
And an understanding always intent  
On the discovery of useful truth.  
He possessed that patience of research,  
and that boldness of investigation,  
Which are necessary to penetrate into the  
nature of things;  
And he united to these qualities,

An unaffected purity of manners,  
That sanctify'd the man  
And adorned the philosopher;  
Imitating the sublime simplicity of that  
nature he delighted to explore.

Various and comprehensive knowledge,  
Was in him wisely applied  
To the analysis of the elements,  
To the explanation of the most important  
animal functions,  
And to the cure or mitigation of diseases.

With the diffidence of true philosophy,  
With the gentleness of real christianity,  
The candour of his countenance  
Spoke the truth before it was articulated  
from his lips;  
And the latent fire of his generous spirit,  
Broke forth at the approach of tyranny,  
vice, or irreligion.

His death may be deemed premature:  
Yet he lived to enlarge the limits of human  
knowledge,  
And to complete the circle of social duty:  
An obedient son,  
An affectionate brother,  
An endearing husband,  
A fond father,  
An independent citizen  
and a steady friend.

He was born at \* \* \* \* in Ireland,  
in the year 17...  
and died in London,  
in the year 17...

\* The foregoing inscription was proposed  
for a monument of Dr. Crawford, to be  
erected under the patronage of the late  
Marquis of Lansdowne, a design, like ma-  
ny promises of the kind, never realized  
by performance. Gilbert Wakefield gave  
a far better inscription.

#### \* A PASTORAL.

BENEATH the umbrageous shadow of  
a shade,  
Where glowing foliage on the surface  
play'd,  
And golden roses fan'd the silver breeze,

\* This much admired poem, which is  
justly suspected of having long served as  
a model for numerous poetical effusions;  
being now very scarce, is reprinted for the  
use of our juvenile poets, at the request  
of a learned friend.